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JOTHAM W. HORTON

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JOTHAM WARREN HORTON.

John Warren Horton

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In Memoriam.

The presence and power for righteousness of good men upon the earth, is second only to the direct influence of the life of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Except for occasional illustrations of man in exalted action, the monotonous routine of daily toil might so root humanity in the soil of its ever present material necessities as to dwarf the spiritual nature which is the source of all real heroism.

The Kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation. The truths of Christianity and related social reforms are so gently and widely pervasive in our time, that many who reap the present blessings of christian civilization may forget its cost.

Aside from the sad duty of throwing laurels on the grave of our beloved brother, the conviction is irresistible that the young men of this age should not forget the stern lessons of the past: if they would worthily join in the Gloria Patria and devout Te Deum of this victorious century, it will be well that they listen to the Passion Music of its patriots and martyrs.

J. ELLEN FOSTER.

FROM PRESIDENT HOVEY,
OF THE BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Newton Centre, Feb. 9, 1892.

Mrs. Charles W. Pierce :

Dear Friend :

I have read with deep interest the papers concerning the death and funeral of Mr. Horton. They seem to me exceedingly appropriate and valuable and I am glad you propose to put them in a form which will enable others to read and preserve them. Your brother, my dear and honored pupil, was a Christian martyr, and I believe the lesson of fidelity which his death teaches ought to be preserved and learned by this generation.

Respectfully and cordially yours,

ALVAH HOVEY.

REV. JOTHAM WARREN HORTON.

REV. JOTHAM WARREN HORTON was the son of Rev. Jotham Horton, at one time pastor of Broomfield St., M. E. Church, was born in Boston, and died there February, 1853.

He was for many years a minister of the M. E. Church in New England, in which he became a pioneer abolitionist, and with his gentle but heroic wife, bore the burdens and shared the sacrifices of that form of aggressive christianity.

His eldest son, Jotham W., died a martyr to freedom by the hands of a mob in New Orleans August 5, 1866. At the time, he was pastor of the Colosseum Place Church.

The grandfather was a shipsmith and did the iron work on the historic frigate Constitution. The ship yard where lapped the waters of the bay, lay only a few rods from the humble home.

That site, now covered with granite wharves and commercial store houses, was the nursery of patriotism.

The anvil chorus there rehearsed and reverberating thro' the years has been the inspiration to many a deed of valor.

The grandmother, being of the Warren family, sang often to him the remembered songs of the Revolution and could but leave to her descendants the strongest love of liberty and devotion to the cause of human freedom.

LAST HOURS OF A NEW ORLEANS MARTYR.

AN AFFECTING SKETCH.

“Good-by, Emmie,” he said, “I shall not be gone long. It can’t take more than ten minutes to open the Convention, and then I shall come right away. Look for me at three o’clock, at farthest,” and the young pastor kissed his wife and hurried away to the city.

That day was destined to be one among the most memorable in the annals of human wickedness since the famous St. Bartholomew’s.

The members of the Union Convention had looked forward to it with apprehension. They knew that the spirit of the late rebellion still survived in New Orleans, and they could not hope that they should be permitted to assemble without some molestation from disorderly individuals, but they had no suspicions that the masses of the city would rise against them, *organized* for deliberate bloodshed. They did not know that all the arms had been bought

up, till the gun-shops contained not so much as a pocket-pistol. They did not know that the Mayor had telegraphed to the President that there would certainly be a riot, and had received the assurance that the military would not interfere with the civil power. They did not know that the police force had been increased by the addition of a gang of blood-thirsty men, and that the municipal authorities had agreed upon signals, and arranged to begin the riot themselves. Watched by no suspicion, and awed by no Butler's strong right hand, the conspirators were suffered to perfect their preparations, and when the morning of the 30th of July dawned, the treacherous officials appeared at the station-house fully armed, and waiting the opportunity for their bloody work.

The pastor of the Coliseum Place Church, Rev. Jotham W. Horton, had been requested to open the Convention with prayer. Moved by the warmest christian sympathy for the freedmen, this young New England minister had gone to the south with his wife, to give his best energies to their welfare. He was a man of sincere piety and a large heart; pure as a little child, self-denying where duty was concerned to an extent that often made him suffer, and so peaceable that though repeatedly insulted, and even once fired upon,

and though conscious that he was fatally marked by malignant disloyalists, he would never go armed.

After taking leave of his wife, Mr. Horton proceeded in the cars from his residence in Carrollton to the city. Ever apt to look hopefully on the worst prospects, and slow to suspect evil of his fellow-men, he had felt no fears of injury for this day, beyond perhaps a forcible seizure and commitment to the parish prison.

The hour arriving for opening the Convention, Mr. Horton having entered the hall, stood up to offer prayer just as the clock struck twelve. Strongly and fervently his words came up, breathing petitions for the peace of his country and the deliverance of the oppressed. God heard him, but with that prayer His servant's work ended, and then He gave him for a little while to the cruel wrath of his enemies, that He might make that wrath praise Him. Immediately on the sounding of the stroke of noon from the city clocks, and simultaneously with the opening of Mr. Horton's prayer, the armed police filed out of the several stations, three hundred strong, and marched toward the institute. Some of them entered the hall during the prayer, a mob in the meantime rapidly collecting round the door, and hardly had the good man

uttered the closing "amen" when a miscreant fired a bullet at his head.

There could be no longer any doubt of the intentions of the officers and the mob. The latter assailed the windows and crushed in at the doors. "Kill him! kill him!" they yelled. "Shoot every cursed Yankee in the house!" Just then all the bells in the city began to toll. It was the preconcerted signal of slaughter, and now the horrors of the day began.

The disloyalist ruffians rushed in with pistols, knives and clubs, and commenced their appointed work of murder. Resistance was hopeless. The Convention broke up in the wildest confusion, some of its members falling dead, and many mortally wounded in the hall, while a few who could, fled. The Union men saw that they were doomed. Instead of protecting them, and arresting the rioters at the firing of the first shot, as with their force they could easily have done, *the police headed the attack*, and there is reason to believe that one of their number fired the first shot.

Mr. Horton received five balls in his body and fell. These balls were fired by policemen. Not satisfied with their work, they seized him, battered his head with their billies, stabbed him, kicked and dragged

him on the pavements to the first station, the mob following behind, cursing, beating and trampling him with their shoes. Thrusting him into a cell, he was left mangled and senseless.

Meantime the shopkeepers of the city had closed their stores, and strolled about, gratified spectators of the fiendish carnival, greeting the murderers of Horton and every squad of policemen that passed them dragging a bleeding loyalist, with shouts of "Good, good! Kill the white nigger."

Around the Mechanics' Institute and in the adjacent streets upwards of one hundred negroes lay weltering in their blood, and the dead carts drove by loaded with warm corpses, and bodies of the wounded, still writhing with life, all tumbled indiscriminately together.

In one of these carts the mangled Horton was flung, after lying awhile at the station-house, and under a stifling load of dead and wounded negroes, his stomach crushed in by a blow of a heavy plank, he was taken to the Marine Hospital.

Furious with the taste of blood, the police and their fellow Thugs raged up and down some of the streets of the city, calling out the names of well known loyalists, declaring their intention to slaughter every

Union man in New Orleans. In the midst of the excitement and carnage, the bayonets of Federal troops appeared, and further murder was prevented. The mob dispersed, and the blood-stained streets and battered windows and muffled groans from distant hospital wards alone testified to the horrors of the 30th of July.

As the hours of that bloody day passed, the wife of Mr. Horton waited at her home, five miles distant, for his return. Three o'clock came, the limit he had set for his absence. She looked long and anxiously to catch a glimpse of him approaching along the familiar street. He did not come, and her anxiety grew into alarm. To add to her terror, a breathless messenger arrived at her residence, and warned her that she would not be safe there that night, for trouble had happened at the State House, and the secessionists were searching for all the Unionists in the city and suburbs. Hastily summoning the negro servant, she told her to bar the doors and windows, and with a few hurried preparations then set off for the city, to learn the fate of her husband.

Having formerly boarded with a Mrs. E——, she took her way first to her house and made known her anxious errand. She was told of the riot and

massacre, and at once feared the worst. Several young men who boarded at the house volunteered to search for Mr. Horton. They returned late in the evening, but could give her no news, save that he had been badly wounded. They dared not communicate their own convictions of his fate.

Only the darkness of the dangerous streets and the restraint of friends prevented the almost distracted woman from going forth that night to continue the search herself. As it was, the night brought no sleep to her eyes, and as soon as it was morning she started on her sad errand.

Information had been received through the city papers that Gen. Baird, the military commandant, had released all who had been arrested and confined by the police, giving the name of her husband among the rest, and stating that he had returned home. Acting on this representation, she went alone to Carrolton, but only to return by the next train; he was not there. Without waiting for breakfast she set off for Gen. Baird's headquarters: a young Methodist clergyman, Mr. Henry, one of Mrs. E——'s boarders, insisting on being her company.

No sooner did Gen. Baird see Mrs. Horton and knew who she was, than he expressed much surprise

that her husband had not been seen, and told her he had ordered his release; perhaps she would find him at the City Hall. To this place she immediately went, but she searched in vain. He had not been there. She then hurried to the first police station, determined to wring from the brutal officers a confession of what they had done with her husband. Entering the office, she forced her way within the rails, and asked of the clerk what had been done with her husband. The man declared that "Preacher Horton" had been sent by him to Charity Hospital, and she at once hurried thither. Again she was disappointed. He had not been seen there! (The truth was, the cart which carried Mr. Horton's body had stopped there, and been sent away, as it appeared to be occupied only by blacks.) The horrible idea now suggested itself to the afflicted woman that her husband had been conveyed away with a load of dead bodies, and had been buried alive, but, as a last resort, she determined to visit the Marine Hospital. This was in a low and distant part of the city, and devoted entirely to negroes, and she could not have believed he would be carried there by his worst enemies, but at a friend's suggestion she sought the place, still accompanied by Mr. Henry.

Arrived at the gate, she was refused entrance,

but catching a glimpse of Dr. Harris, the head surgeon, whom she knew, she called to him and asked him if her husband was there. Dr. Harris could give her no positive assurance, but immediately ordered the servant to admit her. Forgetting her weariness in her joy that her long quest had at last succeeded, the faithful woman bounded up the steps and without waiting to be directed, rushed in among the patients, found out her husband, and sank exhausted upon his bosom. What a spectacle! The form she loved a bruised and helpless mass of flesh and blood, his head swollen to the size of two, his left arm useless and his right shattered and mangled. He moved perpetually about with the restless, nervous gestures of a dreaming infant. So badly trampled and beaten was his head and face that his eyes were blinded, and a painful retching, produced by the injuries to his stomach, obstructed his breath and speech. But through all the anguish and darkness of his wreck he knew his wife. That she should have recognized him is a miracle to all who do not understand the inspired sagacity of a wife's affection.

“Wipe my face, Emmie,” he gasped, as if she had been bending over him ever since he fell.

Worn and broken-hearted, the poor woman sat

down by her husband's side, and tried to strengthen herself for the task of soothing and comforting his last hours, for she knew too well that he could not live. Nineteen long hours she had searched for him, and now to find him thus !

Few comforts were to be found in that hospital, though the attendants, seeing her distress, evidently meant to treat her kindly. Up to this time the wounded man had lain in the Warden's room, but on the next morning, which was Wednesday, he was moved to a more airy apartment. The operation of trepanning was then performed on his head, though with little hope of permanent benefit. When this was over and the burden upon his brain was thus relieved, the sufferer looked up and repeated :

“ When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

“ Should earth against my soul engage ”——

Here weakness prevented him, and he whispered to his wife, “ You finish it.”

He slept a good deal, but seemed always conscious of his wife's presence, frequently putting up his

restless hand to touch her face, and remind himself, in his blindness, of her loved features. When he talked, it was of his unfinished work, his conviction of the justice of the cause in which he fell, his anxieties for his wife, left alone in a cruel world, and of his enemies and murderers always forgivingly, as if they knew not what they did. At different times, too, he spoke of the riot, relating facts and incidents as I have set them down.

It afflicted him much to leave his wife penniless. He had had a little money in his pocket when he came to the Convention, but that, with the gold studs in his bosom, had been plundered by some of the ruffians who took part in mutilating his person.

Thus he lingered until the sixth day after his injury. When the morning of Sunday, the 5th of August came, he remembered that he had an appointment to exchange pulpits with a colored brother in the city, and said :

“ Emmie, we must send word to Bro. Miles that I can't come. I don't feel quite well enough to preach.”

As time went on, his mind began to wander, and he fancied himself in his own pulpit. He invoked the Divine Blessing, he gave out hymn and sung,

wounded and suffering as he was; his wife, who wept as she thought of the melody of his own fine voice, joining him at his request, half choked by her tears. Then he prayed with her, sung again, and preached, taking for his text, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." After these exercises, he expressed his wish to close with the Lord's Supper, and immediately began the beautiful ceremony. His wife, anxious to gratify him, skillfully aided with such meagre conveniences as were at hand, to carry out his touching fancy. He partook with her what seemed to him the symbolic bread and wine. *

"We both drink from the same cup, Emmie," said he.

Another hymn, a benediction, and the sufferer began to grow weak, as if, indeed, his work was done.

"I'm going now, Emmie," he whispered. "I'm sorry you can't come with me. In the fall you'll come."

Then there were no more connected sentences, but incoherent syllables of prayer, and whispers of saintly hope, "In the vale—the vale—home yonder—good-by," and at six o'clock that Sabbath evening the gentle-spirited Horton fell asleep in Jesus.

Thus perished a martyr to freedom and equal rights, as sincere and pure a man as God ever welcomed “through great tribulation” to the immortal pleasures of His presence.

To the tender consideration of her friends, never so numerous as now, and to the merciful consolation of Almighty God, who never pitied her as He now pities her, we commend the weeping widow, and pray that she may long live to share the honor of her martyred husband’s fame.

Theron Brown.

(FROM A BOSTON JOURNAL.)

FUNERAL OF THE
LATE REV. JOTHAM W. HORTON.

Tremont Temple (Boston) was nearly filled last Wednesday, with those who had assembled to pay their last respects to this martyr of liberty. On the platform were seated about one hundred clergymen of various denominations, and several prominent citizens of the State. Directly in front of the stage were the remains, enclosed in a metallic burial case, painted in imitation of rosewood. The inscription simply read, Rev. Jotham W. Horton, died August 5, 1866. Aged 40 years.

Previous to the ceremonies, the Dead March in Saul was performed on the organ. The services were opened with the singing of an appropriate anthem by a quartette from the Temple choir. Rev. Mr. Chapin, of New Orleans, of the committee of arrangements, took occasion to remark that twenty years ago

the friends of freedom assembled in the same place to mourn over the death of a martyr for liberty, Rev. Charles T. Torrey, a son of Massachusetts, and that again they were collected for a similar purpose.

The nineteenth Psalm was read by Rev. Mr. Avery, and prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Eddy. Rev. Baron Stow read the resolutions of the Conference of Baptist ministers in Boston, and gave a brief sketch of the career of the fallen hero. Addresses were made by Rev. Drs. True and Kirk, full of earnestness, pathos and sentiment awakened by the occasion. It had been expected that Gov. Bullock would be present to speak, but being unavoidably absent he sent the following letter :

BOSTON, AUG. 28, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR :

I deeply regret that an engagement which requires my absence from town to-morrow will prevent my acceptance of the invitation of the committee of arrangements to be present at the funeral services of the late Rev. J. W. Horton, and address those who may be in attendance.

If it were in my power to be with you, I might well deem silence to be the most eloquent tribute I could pay to his memory, and the most impressive

lesson to this community. His death speaks to us all. The pall that covers the battered remains of this minister of the gospel needs only to be lifted, to awaken emotions of shame and horror, and to instruct us in the duties of our time.

He fell a martyr in the cause of freedom and the rights of man, himself innocent, unprovoking, abandoned by government to the violence of a mob, and murdered, as Gen. Sheridan has said, by the Mayor and Police of New Orleans. The insatiate spirit of slavery, surviving its own nominal destruction by the Constitution of the land, has been permitted by Federal authority to break forth with new violence, and massacre our fellow-citizens, without even the pretext of excuse which used to be pleaded when slavery had a legal existence. If this state of things shall not quicken our sensibility and conscience, I know not what will.

By the ordination of Divine Providence the blood of Massachusetts has sprinkled the altars of sacrifice in all our historic ages. It becomes our duty to accept the instruction, and apply it. To us, among whom he lived till he went forth on his mission of mercy, the blood of Horton cries and pleads as to his own kindred. It solemnly appeals to us to be faithful

in the cause of the rights of human nature for which he laid down his life.

I have the honor to be, with great respect and esteem,

Very truly, Your obedient servant,

ALEXANDER H. BULLOCK.

The pall-bearers were, Lieut. Gov. Claflin, Hon. Joseph Pond, President of the Massachusetts Senate, Prof. H. B. Hackett, Rev. J. C. Chapman, Rev. H. C. Graves and Rev. Theron Brown.

Mr. Horton was born at Nantucket, April 25, 1826, and was the son of the late Rev. Jotham Horton. He was converted while quite young, and afterwards joined the Baptist Church, of which faith he subsequently became a preacher. For five years he was a clerk in the Baptist Missionary Rooms, and two years he was employed in the office of the *Evangelist*, at New York. At this time he became convinced of his duty to become a minister, and entered the Newton Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1859. During his studies in Newton he won the confidence and love of his teachers by faithfulness in study and nobility of spirit. He was ordained and installed

in the pastorate of a church in Milford, New Hampshire, soon after, where he remained until the capture of Port Royal. Becoming deeply interested in the colored people, he immediately resigned and went to South Carolina, laboring on the island of St. Helena. In 1863 he was sent by the Baptist Home Missionary Society to New Orleans, to preach Christ to all who would listen, without regard to complexion or race. Here he was instrumental in organizing a Young Men's Christian Association, which is still in existence, sustaining daily prayer meetings, and otherwise laboring for the redemption of lost humanity. In that city he remained, until by a dispensation of an all-wise Providence, he was brutally massacred, because of his sympathy with the Freedmen, and whose only crime was that he invoked the divine blessing upon a convention of peaceable citizens. .

It was not merely sorrow at the decease of this servant of God, nor pity for the bereaved widow, which brought together so many people and caused so deep emotions. It was to express intense indignation at this wicked spirit—so universal in the South which vents itself at every opportunity in barbarity and murder---

it was for this they were assembled, and to ally themselves thus publicly with the cause of justice and humanity, to give evidence of their sympathy with the work in which he was engaged, and tacitly to proffer whatever support they may be able to give to the principles in defence of which he laid down his life. God grant that it be not in vain.

“He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces : for the Lord hath spoken it.”



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